CHRISTIAN ZANIER • PAT SHAND • GABRIEL ANDRADE
LOOKERS
EMBER
#7
DIGITAL
BOUNDLESS

LOOKERS
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Art **GABRIEL ANDRADE**
Colors **GERMAN NOBILE**
Letters **KURT HATHAWAY**

EMBER
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Colors **GERMAN NOBILE**
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LOOKERS ORIGINS
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Covers

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Regular (& Nude & Adult)
High Speed (set of six covers)
Red Hot (& Nude)
Sultry Adult Extreme
Wraparound (& Nude & Adult)

Raulo Caceres
Sexy Spies (& Nude)

Matt Martin
Luscious (& Nude & Adult)

Renato Camilo
Workout (& Nude)
GGA Homage (& Nude)
50 Shades Homage Nude

The Good Girl Art Homage is based on the saucy CLAIRE VOYANT #4 cover by Jack Kamen (published 1947 from Leader Enterprises).

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BOUNDLESS
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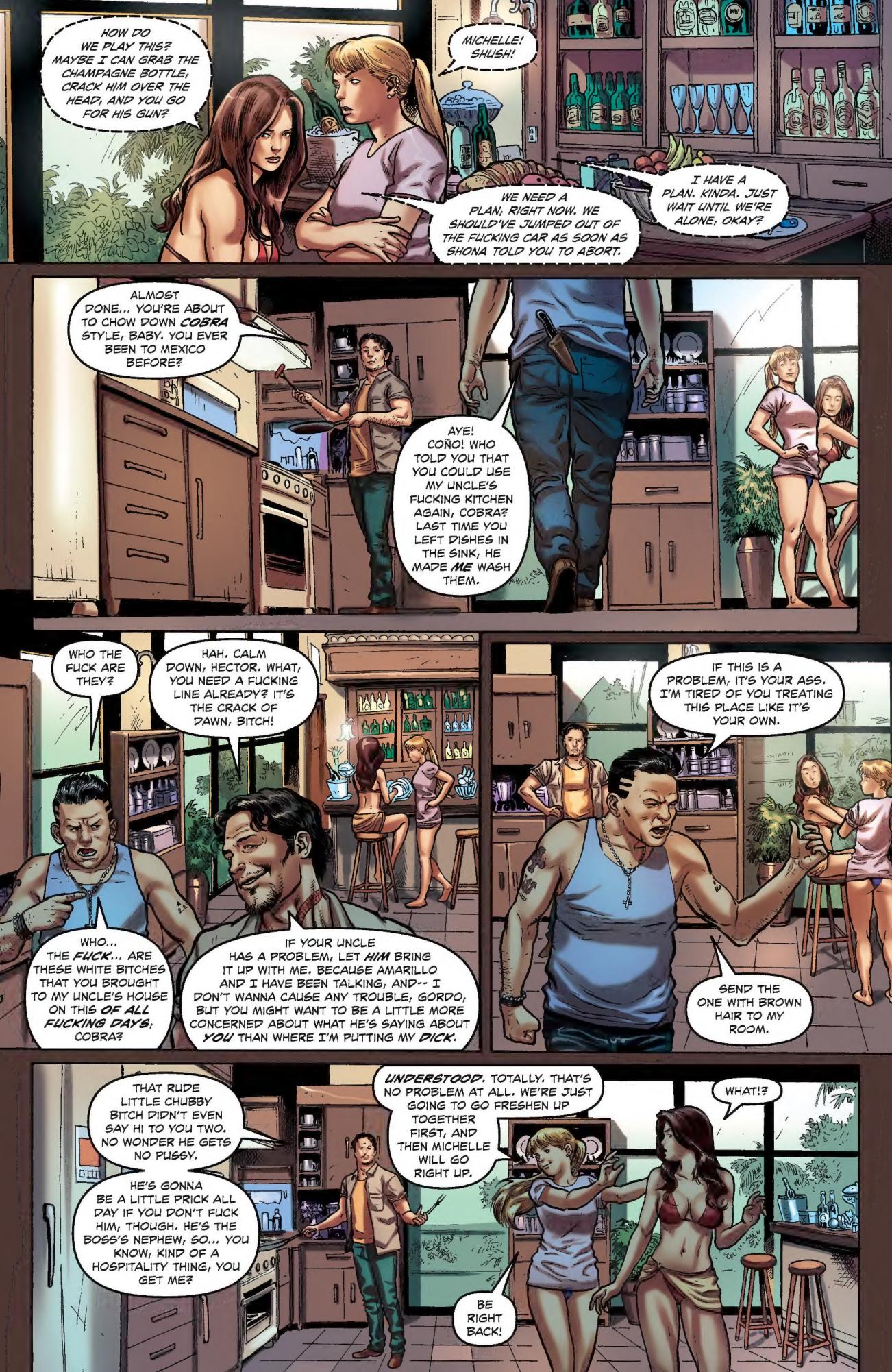
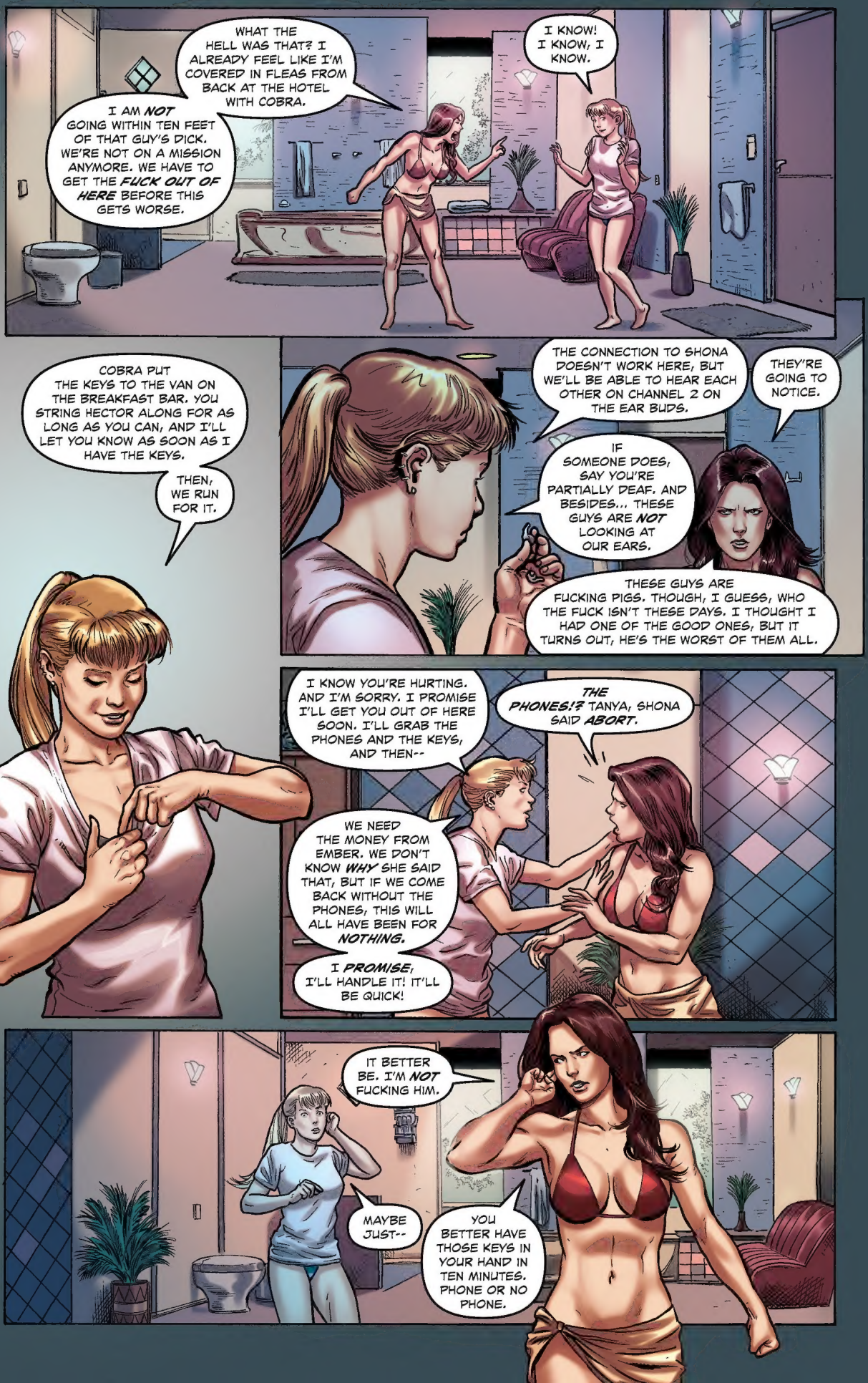
LOOKERS

LOOKERS
OUR STORY SO FAR:
TANYA AND MICHELLE HAVE BEEN HIRED BY EMBER TO FIND HER STOLEN PHONE - WITH HER SEX VIDEO ON IT! TANYA AND MICHELLE ARRIVED IN MEXICO WITH THE CRAZY CARTEL MEMBER WHO HAS THE VIDEO. AFTER A HARROWING ESCAPE, EMBER AND SHONA GOT THEIR FREAK ON!

CHAPTER SEVEN: SOME GANGSTER SHIT
WELL... FUCK.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO TELL ME YOU REGRET THAT?
BECAUSE THE SCRATCH MARKS ON MY BACK SUGGEST OTHERWISE. I THINK I HAVE SOME JACKSON POLLOCK ACTION GOING ON BACK THERE.
UGGGGGGH
I SUCK.
STOP. DON'T TORTURE YOURSELF. CLEARLY, THERE ARE EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.
WE'RE BEING HUNTED DOWN BY A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE MADMAN. HOLED UP IN A BUNKER. TENSIONS HIGH. TANYA WILL HAVE TO UNDERSTAND.
YOOOOOU MAYBE DON'T KNOW TANYA LIKE YOU THINK YOU DO.
AND SHE HASN'T TEXTED SINCE I TOLD HER TO ABORT THE MISSION. SHE COULD BE ANYWHERE RIGHT NOW, AND HERE I AM, BREAKING HER HEART. I'M THE FUCKING WORST.
SHE'S FINE. SHE'S GOING TO COME BACK HERE, AND YOU TWO ARE GOING TO HAVE A GROWN-UP CONVERSATION. AND THEN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AFTER ALL OF THIS IS SETTLED?
I'M GONNA GET DUMPED?
I'M GOING TO CUT YOU AND YOUR TEAM A CHECK WITH AN ABSURD AMOUNT OF ZEROES AT THE END.
IF SHE'S NOT OKAY, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF.


HOW DO WE PLAY THIS? MAYBE I CAN GRAB THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE, CRACK HIM OVER THE HEAD, AND YOU GO FOR HIS GUN?
MICHELLE! SHUSH!
WE NEED A PLAN, RIGHT NOW. WE SHOULD'VE JUMPED OUT OF THE FUCKING CAR AS SOON AS SHONA TOLD YOU TO ABORT.
I HAVE A PLAN. KINDA. JUST WAIT UNTIL WE'RE ALONE, OKAY?
ALMOST DONE... YOU'RE ABOUT TO CHOW DOWN COBRA STYLE, BABY. YOU EVER BEEN TO MEXICO BEFORE?
AYE! COÑO! WHO TOLD YOU THAT YOU COULD USE MY UNCLE'S FUCKING KITCHEN AGAIN, COBRA? LAST TIME YOU LEFT DISHES IN THE SINK, HE MADE ME WASH THEM.
WHO THE FUCK ARE THEY?
HAH. CALM DOWN, HECTOR. WHAT, YOU NEED A FUCKING LINE ALREADY? IT'S THE CRACK OF DAWN, BITCH!
WHO... THE FUCK... ARE THESE WHITE BITCHES THAT YOU BROUGHT TO MY UNCLE'S HOUSE ON THIS OF ALL FUCKING DAYS, COBRA?
IF YOUR UNCLE HAS A PROBLEM, LET HIM BRING IT UP WITH ME. BECAUSE AMARILLO AND I HAVE BEEN TALKING, AND-- I DON'T WANNA CAUSE ANY TROUBLE, GORDO, BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO BE A LITTLE MORE CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT HE'S SAYING ABOUT YOU THAN WHERE I'M PUTTING MY DICK.
IF THIS IS A PROBLEM, IT'S YOUR ASS. I'M TIRED OF YOU TREATING THIS PLACE LIKE IT'S YOUR OWN.
SEND THE ONE WITH BROWN HAIR TO MY ROOM.
THAT RUDE LITTLE CHUBBY BITCH DIDN'T EVEN SAY HI TO YOU TWO. NO WONDER HE GETS NO PUSSY.
HE'S GONNA BE A LITTLE PRICK ALL DAY IF YOU DON'T FUCK HIM, THOUGH. HE'S THE BOSS'S NEPHEW, SO... YOU KNOW, KIND OF A HOSPITALITY THING, YOU GET ME?
UNDERSTOOD. TOTALLY. THAT'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL. WE'RE JUST GOING TO GO FRESHEN UP TOGETHER FIRST, AND THEN MICHELLE WILL GO RIGHT UP.
WHAT!?
BE RIGHT BACK!


WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT? I ALREADY FEEL LIKE I'M COVERED IN FLEAS FROM BACK AT THE HOTEL WITH COBRA.
I KNOW! I KNOW, I KNOW.
I AM NOT GOING WITHIN TEN FEET OF THAT GUY'S DICK. WE'RE NOT ON A MISSION ANYMORE. WE HAVE TO GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE BEFORE THIS GETS WORSE.
COBRA PUT THE KEYS TO THE VAN ON THE BREAKFAST BAR. YOU STRING HECTOR ALONG FOR AS LONG AS YOU CAN, AND I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS I HAVE THE KEYS.
THEN, WE RUN FOR IT.
THE CONNECTION TO SHONA DOESN'T WORK HERE, BUT WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR EACH OTHER ON CHANNEL 2 ON THE EAR BUDS.
THEY'RE GOING TO NOTICE.
IF SOMEONE DOES, SAY YOU'RE PARTIALLY DEAF. AND BESIDES... THESE GUYS ARE NOT LOOKING AT OUR EARS.
THESE GUYS ARE FUCKING PIGS. THOUGH, I GUESS, WHO THE FUCK ISN'T THESE DAYS. I THOUGHT I HAD ONE OF THE GOOD ONES, BUT IT TURNS OUT, HE'S THE WORST OF THEM ALL.
I KNOW YOU'RE HURTING. AND I'M SORRY. I PROMISE I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE SOON. I'LL GRAB THE PHONES AND THE KEYS, AND THEN--
THE PHONES!? TANYA, SHONA SAID ABORT.
WE NEED THE MONEY FROM EMBER. WE DON'T KNOW WHY SHE SAID THAT, BUT IF WE COME BACK WITHOUT THE PHONES, THIS WILL ALL HAVE BEEN FOR NOTHING.
I PROMISE, I'LL HANDLE IT! IT'LL BE QUICK!
IT BETTER BE. I'M NOT FUCKING HIM.
MAYBE JUST--
YOU BETTER HAVE THOSE KEYS IN YOUR HAND IN TEN MINUTES. PHONE OR NO PHONE.

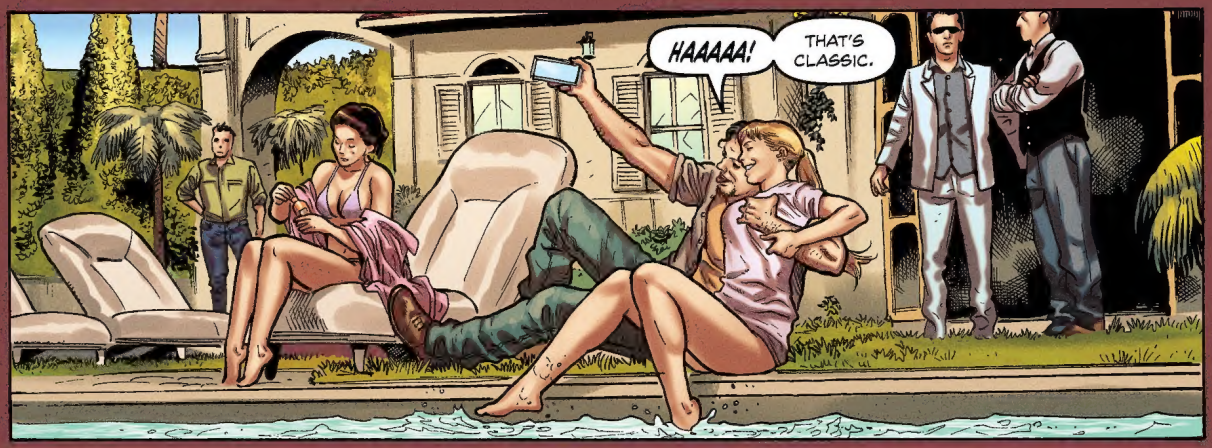
JESUS CHRIST.

UH, HECTOR? ARE YOU IN--

CALL ME *SIR.*

THIS IS MY HOUSE. YOU'RE AN *UNINVITED GUEST*. YOU WEAR WHAT I SAY. YOU *DO* WHAT I SAY.
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES AND PUT *THAT* ON. THESE SHEETS COST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. YOU CAN'T WEAR A BIKINI FROM TARGET ON TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR SHEETS. IF YOU'RE GONNA RIDE THE DICK OF ROYALTY, DRESS THE PART.

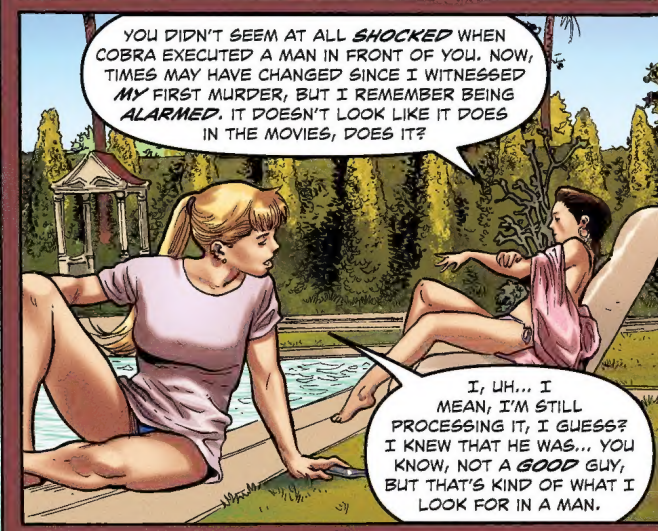
YES... *SIR.*


HAAAAA!
THAT'S CLASSIC.

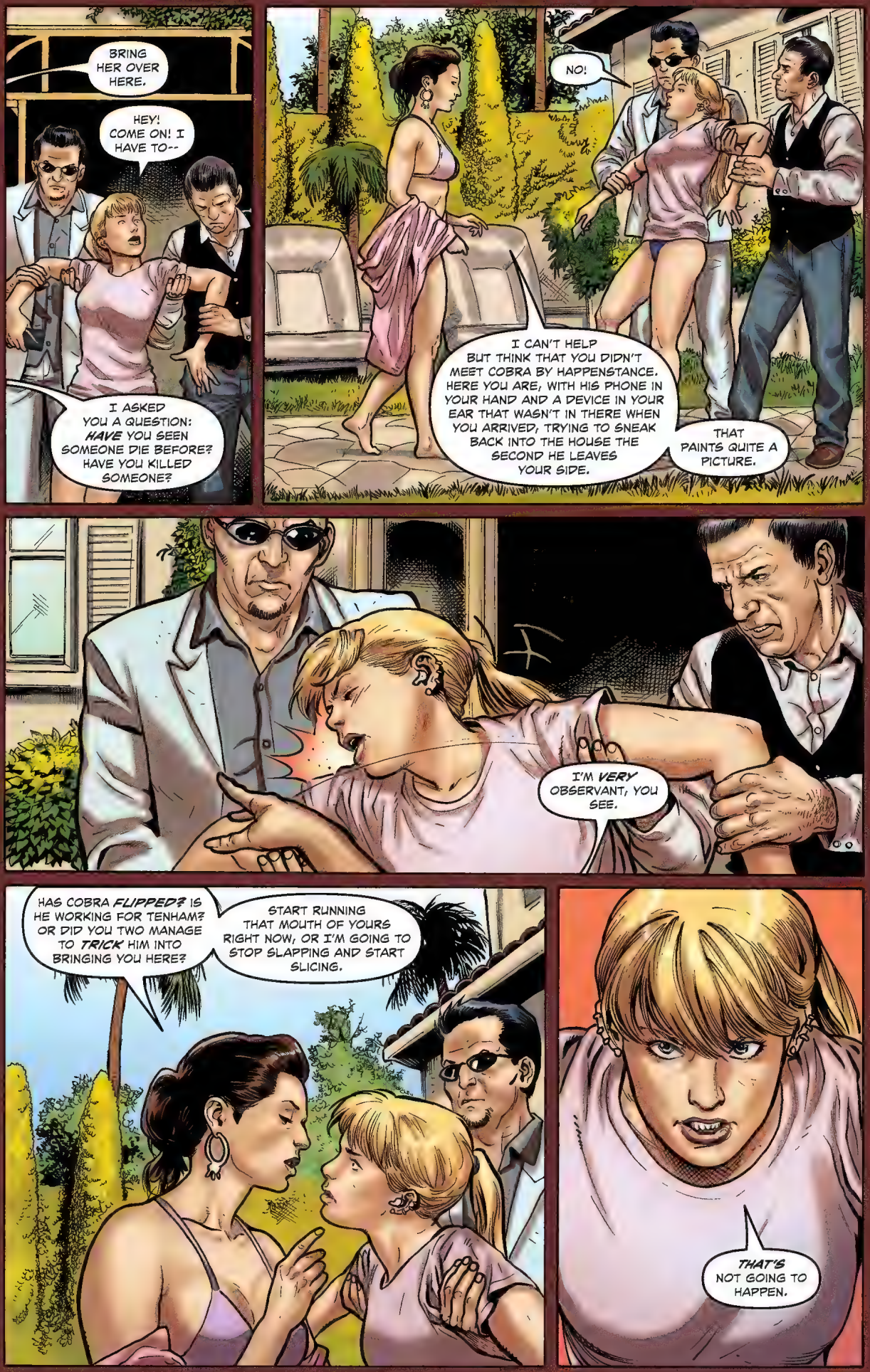
COBRA! I HAVE MR. AMARILLO ON THE PHONE FOR YOU. HE SOUNDS UPSET.
SHIT. THAT LITTLE NUB-DICK HECTOR MUST HAVE CALLED HIM.
WATCH THAT, COBRA. HECTOR WILL INHERIT THE BUSINESS ONE DAY. WE SHOULD ALL GET USED TO THE IDEA OF CALLING HIM MR. LITTLE NUB-DICK.
HAAAAHAHAHA.

HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU.
ME?
IT'S BEEN BOTHERING ME EVER SINCE YOU GOT HERE.

‹LUIS SAID HE RECOGNIZES THEM. HE DOESN'T KNOW FROM WHERE THOUGH. YOU THINK THEY'RE WORKING FOR TENHAM?›*
‹ALL WHITE GIRLS LOOK THE SAME, BRO. COBRA DOES THIS SHIT ALL THE TIME.›
‹HE SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED EMERSON IN FRONT OF THEM. YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO.›
*TRANSLATED FROM SPANISH.


YOU DIDN'T SEEM AT ALL SHOCKED WHEN COBRA EXECUTED A MAN IN FRONT OF YOU. NOW, TIMES MAY HAVE CHANGED SINCE I WITNESSED MY FIRST MURDER, BUT I REMEMBER BEING ALARMED. IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT DOES IN THE MOVIES, DOES IT?
I, UH... I MEAN, I'M STILL PROCESSING IT, I GUESS? I KNEW THAT HE WAS... YOU KNOW, NOT A GOOD GUY, BUT THAT'S KIND OF WHAT I LOOK FOR IN A MAN.

I'M JUST GOING TO RUN TO THE BATHROOM. BE RIGHT BACK!
DIDN'T YOU JUST COME FROM THE BATHROOM?
COBRA'S HAVING A PERSONAL CONVERSATION IN THERE. YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY OUTSIDE WITH US.
I'LL BE SUPER QUICK, I PROMISE.
I WATCHED MY FATHER STAB A MAN IN THE FACE IN THIS VERY YARD WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. THE MAN FELL BACK, THE KNIFE STICKING OUT OF HIS EYE SOCKET, AND LANDED IN THE POOL.
I COULDN'T SWIM IN THIS POOL AGAIN FOR YEARS. WOULDN'T LET MY FATHER KISS ME UNTIL I WAS EIGHTEEN. BUT YOU... YOU WENT INSIDE TO LET COBRA COOK YOU BREAKFAST. HAVE YOU SEEN SOMEONE DIE BEFORE?


BRING HER OVER HERE.
HEY! COME ON! I HAVE TO--
I ASKED YOU A QUESTION: *HAVE* YOU SEEN SOMEONE DIE BEFORE? HAVE YOU KILLED SOMEONE?
NO!
I CAN'T HELP BUT THINK THAT YOU DIDN'T MEET COBRA BY HAPPENSTANCE. HERE YOU ARE, WITH HIS PHONE IN YOUR HAND AND A DEVICE IN YOUR EAR THAT WASN'T IN THERE WHEN YOU ARRIVED, TRYING TO SNEAK BACK INTO THE HOUSE THE SECOND HE LEAVES YOUR SIDE.
THAT PAINTS QUITE A PICTURE.
I'M *VERY* OBSERVANT, YOU SEE.
HAS COBRA *FLIPPED?* IS HE WORKING FOR TENHAM? OR DID YOU TWO MANAGE TO *TRICK* HIM INTO BRINGING YOU HERE?
START RUNNING THAT MOUTH OF YOURS RIGHT NOW, OR I'M GOING TO STOP SLAPPING AND START SLICING.
THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.

OOOOOF!
YOU FUCKING--
HEEEHK--
YOU SASSY LITTLE CUNT. I KNEW IT!
I HAVE NO PROBLEM SWIMMING IN THAT POOL NOW. I LOVE IT, IN FACT.
LET'S GO FOR A DIP, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

TELL ME! IS COBRA INVOLVED IN THIS? IF YOU DO, I'LL MAKE IT QUICK. STAY QUIET AND I'LL SLOWLY, PAINFULLY DROWN YOU.
NO YOU DON'T, BITCH!
YOU--
"SASSY LITTLE CUNT"? YEAH. I'LL OWN IT.

SHE'S GOT A GUN!
JOSEFINA!
PERRA...
FUCK. FUCK FUCK FUCK.

I'M JUST TAKING IT NICE AND SLOW, OKAY? I'M GOING TO SAVOR THIS. MAKE IT LAST.
I DON'T MRRPH--
MICHELLE, I'M COMING! I'M OKAY!
WHOA WHOA WHOA. YOU HEAR THAT?
QUÉ CHINGADOS! IS THAT YOUR--
YOU'RE FUCKING RIGHT THAT'S MY SISTER. LOOKS LIKE TAKING IT SLOW ISN'T GOING TO WORK, HUH?

UGGFF--
GAH! FUCK.
GOT IT!

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING!? WHAT IS THIS!?
IF YOU TOLD ME I'D MEET SOMEONE HERE THAT I'D HATE MORE THAN COBRA, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT. I CAN'T WAIT TO WHIP YOU FUCKING RAW.
SIR.

OHHHH SHIT. OH NO NO NO.

MICHELLE, WHERE ARE YOU?

WEEEEE HAVE A PROBLEM, MICHELLE? YOU BETTER BE OKAY. I SWEAR.
KINDA TIED UP RIGHT NOW, TANYA.
MICHELLE, WE HAVE TO-- I DON'T KNOW, HIDE OR GET OUT OF HERE OR SOMETHING! THEY'RE FREAKIN' HERE!
YOU TRICKY FUCKING SNAKES. MAKING ME LOOK LIKE AN ASSHOLE HERE.
MOTHERFUCKER. FUCK! FUCK!
I'M GONNA TURN YOU BITCHES TO RED MIST. YOU FUCKING RAT PIECES OF SHIT. YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME LOOK BAD TO AMARILLO? ME? HERE I COME!
NEXT: GROUND DICK MEAT

EMBER

EMBER

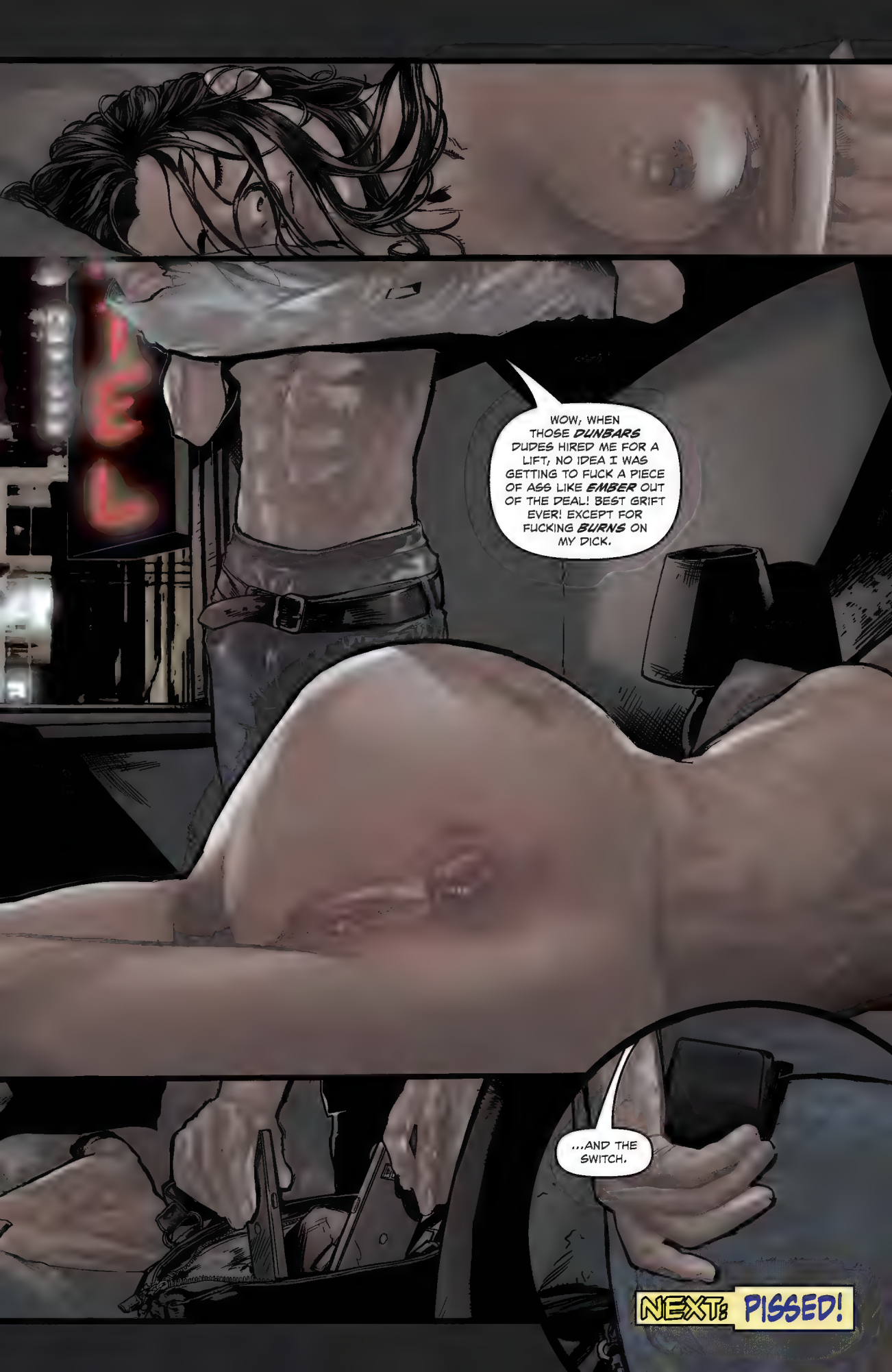
OUR STORY SO FAR:

EMBER IGNACIA HAD HER LIFE TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE WHEN A HORRIFIC PLANE CRASH, WITH A MYSTERIOUS EXPERIMENT ABOARD, GAVE HER AN ELEMENTAL POWER OVER FIRE. NOW HER FAME IS GREATER THAN EVER, BUT SO ARE THE PRESSURES. AFTER FREAKING OUT AND CAUSING A TON OF ACCIENDENTAL DAMAGE, EMBER IS ON THE OUTS WITH HER MILITARY SUPPORT. BUT A NIGHT ON THE TOWN DOESN'T PROVIDED HER WITH MUCH PEACE AS HER HAUNTING VISIONS CONTINUE.

EMBER'S NIGHT OUT TO UNWIND ENDED UP BEING FILLED WITH MORE HALLUCINATIONS. A BACKWARDS FALL WAS ALL THAT KEPT HER FROM ANOTHER UNCONTROLLED BURST OF POWER.
YO, SEXY THING, THAT WAS A NASTY FALL. YOU OK? NEED A DOC?
MMMM... NO, BUT YOU HAVE WHAT I DO NEED.

HOT
UNNHH, GODDAMN! SO *TIGHT* I'M GETTING FRICTION BURNS.

SHIT, GIRL, YOU ARE HOT AS FUCK!

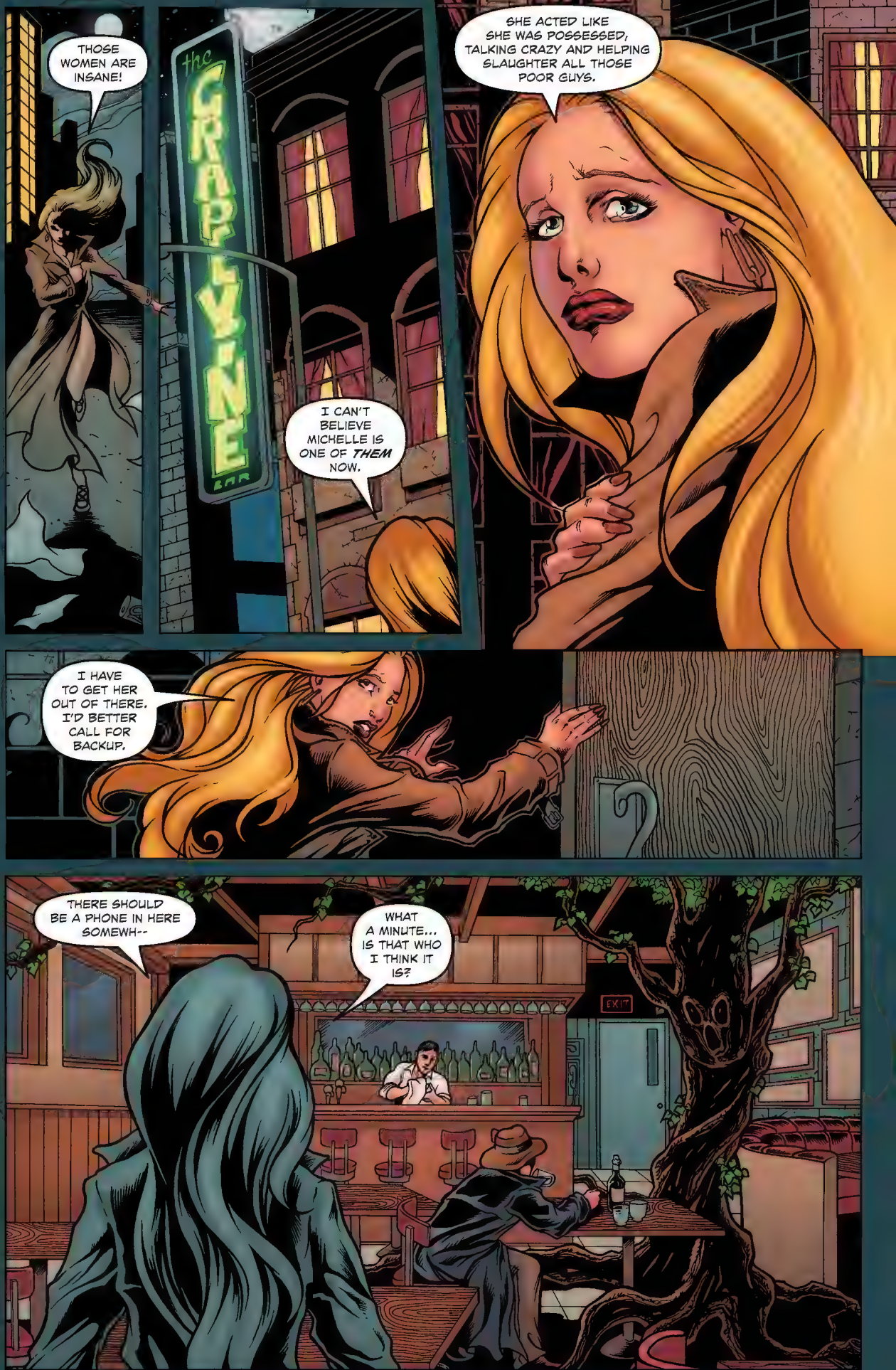

WOW, WHEN THOSE DUNBARS DUDES HIRED ME FOR A LIFT, NO IDEA I WAS GETTING TO FUCK A PIECE OF ASS LIKE EMBER OUT OF THE DEAL! BEST GRIFT EVER! EXCEPT FOR FUCKING BURNS ON MY DICK.
...AND THE SWITCH.
NEXT: PISSED!

LOOKERS

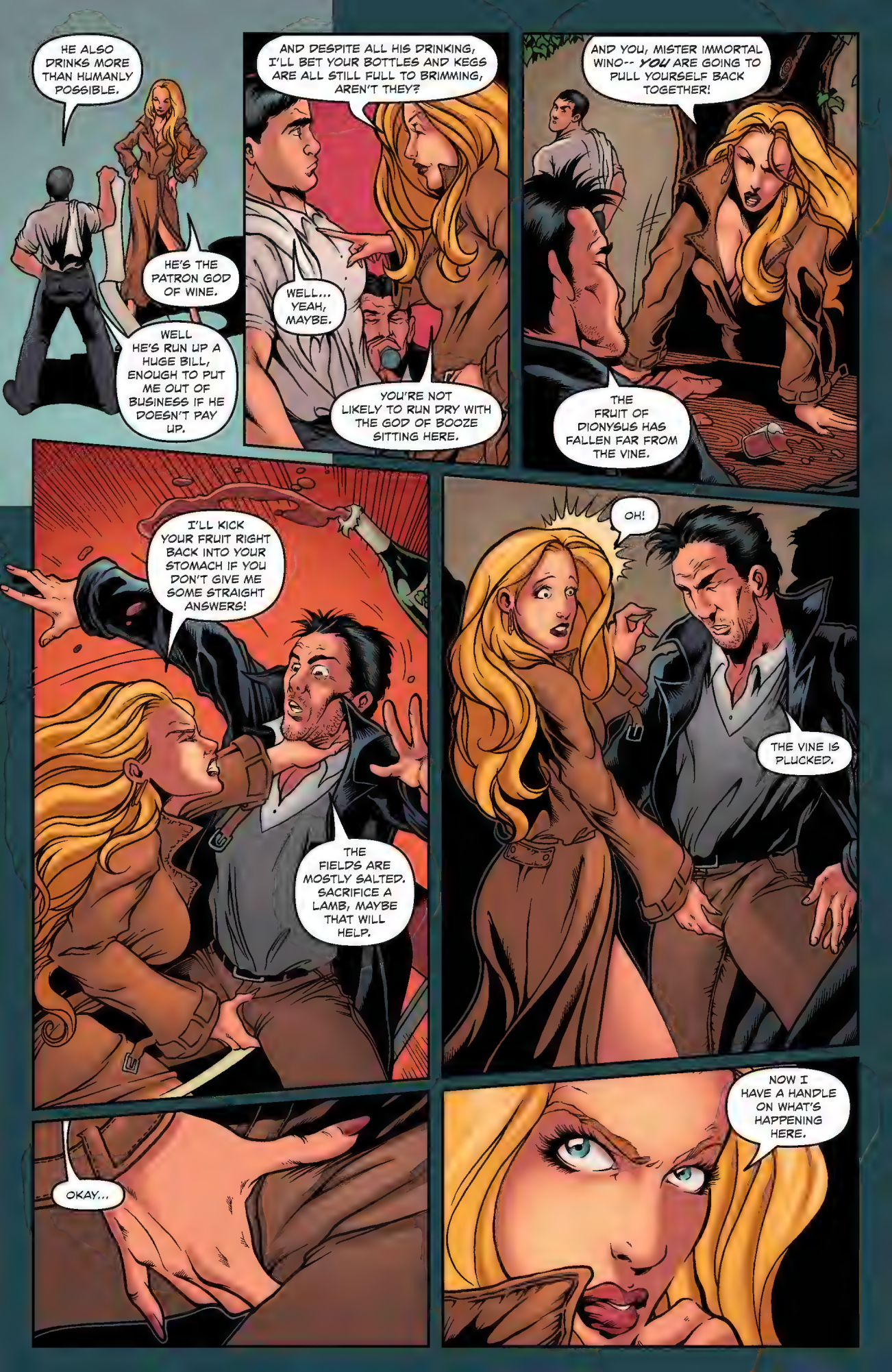
ORIGINS

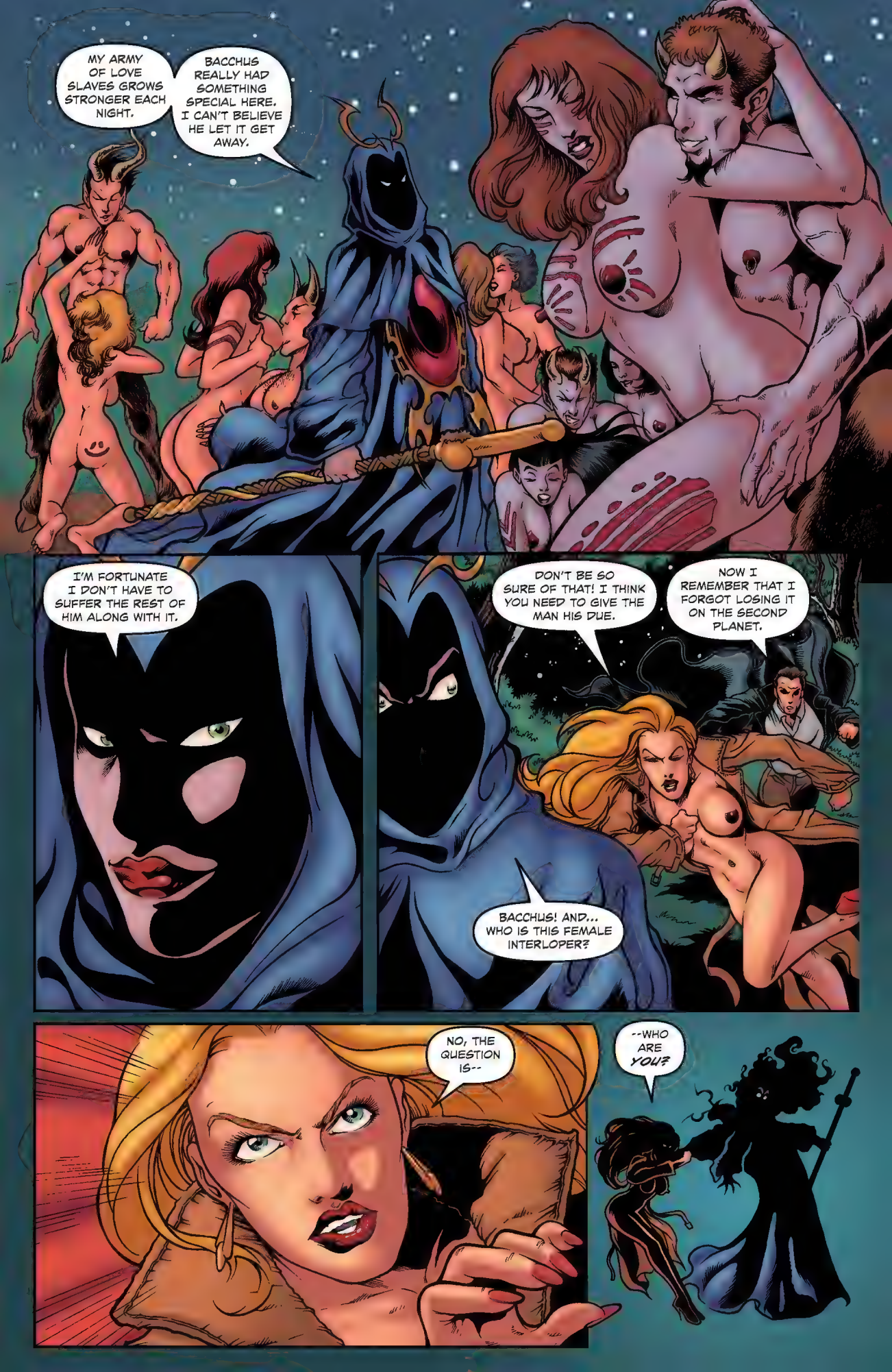
LOOKERS
THRESHOLD #38 (2001)
A CLASSIC LOOKERS STORY, ORIGINALLY RUN IN THE SERIES ***THRESHOLD***, NOW IN COLOR FOR THE FIRST TIME! ENJOY!

THE MOON IS FULL, THE WINE FLOWS FREELY, AND THESE GROUNDS HAVE BEEN CONSECRATED IN BLOOD.
WE ARE THE *MAENADES*. WE ARE THE *THYIADES*. WE ARE THE *BACCHANTES*. OUR CELEBRATION HAS BEEN NEVER ENDING, SINCE *DIONYSUS* FIRST GAVE MAN THE GIFT OF WINE.
BY THE POWER OF THE ***SHAFT OF DIONYSUS***, OUR WILLS ARE AS ONE, OUR HEARTS BEAT AS ONE, AND OUR DESIRES REMAIN INSATIABLE. LET THE *BACCHANALIA* CONTINUE!
HAIL REVEREND SHELLER! HAIL DIONYSUS!
HAIL REVEREND SHELLER! HAIL DIONYSUS!


THOSE WOMEN ARE INSANE!
the GRAPEVINE
BAR
I CAN'T BELIEVE MICHELLE IS ONE OF THEM NOW.
SHE ACTED LIKE SHE WAS POSSESSED, TALKING CRAZY AND HELPING SLAUGHTER ALL THOSE POOR GUYS.
I HAVE TO GET HER OUT OF THERE. I'D BETTER CALL FOR BACKUP.
THERE SHOULD BE A PHONE IN HERE SOMEWH--
WHAT A MINUTE... IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?
EXIT

BUD
BACCHUS! YOU TOTAL SHIT! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOUR PEOPLE HAVE DONE TO MICHELLE?
HEY, YOU BASTARD DEMIGOD, I'M TALKING TO YOU!
PREMATURE IN THE FLAMES OF MY MOTHER'S CORPSE, THE PLACENTA WAS BOILING.
BACCHUS? ARE YOU OKAY?
ONCE I WALKED WITH THE EUPHROSYNE, AGLAIA, AND THALIA, BUT EVERYTHING CHANGED AFTER THAT PARTY ON MT. CITHAERON.
I WASN'T COMPLETELY MAD WHEN I LEFT FOR EGYPT. BUT NOW... NOW...
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. ARE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH THIS GENTLEMAN?
WHY? IS THERE A PROBLEM?
HE'S BEEN DRINKING HERE FOR SEVERAL DAYS, NONSTOP. I CAN'T CLOSE DOWN OR GO HOME UNTIL HE LEAVES, AND HE WON'T BUDGE. HE JUST SITS THERE AND RAMBLES.
AND HE TURNED MY BOUNCER INTO A TREE!
PENTHEUS RAN AFOUL OF HIS MOTHER AND AUNTS. UNFORTUNATELY IT WASN'T MY FAULT.

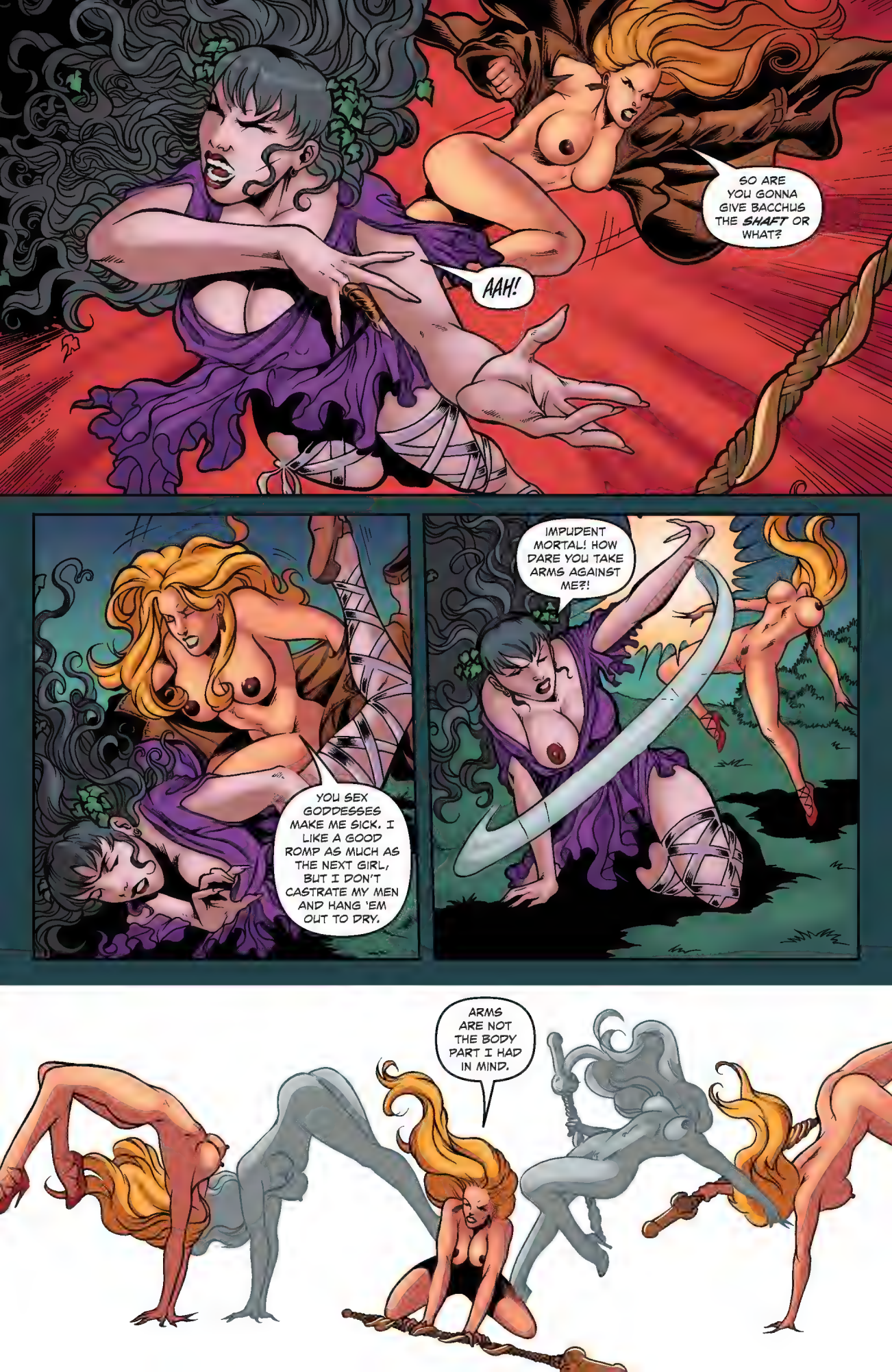

HE ALSO DRINKS MORE THAN HUMANLY POSSIBLE.
HE'S THE PATRON GOD OF WINE.
WELL HE'S RUN UP A HUGE BILL, ENOUGH TO PUT ME OUT OF BUSINESS IF HE DOESN'T PAY UP.
AND DESPITE ALL HIS DRINKING, I'LL BET YOUR BOTTLES AND KEGS ARE ALL STILL FULL TO BRIMMING, AREN'T THEY?
WELL... YEAH, MAYBE.
YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO RUN DRY WITH THE GOD OF BOOZE SITTING HERE.
AND YOU, MISTER IMMORTAL WINO-- YOU ARE GOING TO PULL YOURSELF BACK TOGETHER!
THE FRUIT OF DIONYSUS HAS FALLEN FAR FROM THE VINE.
I'LL KICK YOUR FRUIT RIGHT BACK INTO YOUR STOMACH IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SOME STRAIGHT ANSWERS!
THE FIELDS ARE MOSTLY SALTED. SACRIFICE A LAMB, MAYBE THAT WILL HELP.
OH!
THE VINE IS PLUCKED.
OKAY...
NOW I HAVE A HANDLE ON WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE.


MY ARMY OF LOVE SLAVES GROWS STRONGER EACH NIGHT.
BACCHUS REALLY HAD SOMETHING SPECIAL HERE. I CAN'T BELIEVE HE LET IT GET AWAY.
I'M FORTUNATE I DON'T HAVE TO SUFFER THE REST OF HIM ALONG WITH IT.
DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT! I THINK YOU NEED TO GIVE THE MAN HIS DUE.
NOW I REMEMBER THAT I FORGOT LOSING IT ON THE SECOND PLANET.
BACCHUS! AND... WHO IS THIS FEMALE INTERLOPER?
NO, THE QUESTION IS--
--WHO ARE YOU?

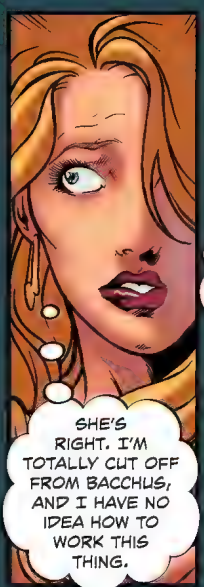
FOOLISH MORTAL!
VENUS!

YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE, VENUS. I NEED IT BACK.
BY JOVE, YOU LOOK TERRIBLE, BACCHUS. EONS OF DRINKING HAVE CERTAINLY TAKEN THEIR TOLL.
NO. I'VE BEEN HAVING TOO MUCH FUN WITH IT, BUILDING AN ARMY OF CRAZY LOVE SLAVES.
GIVE IT TO ME!
BUT YOUR *BACCHANTES* ARE SO WILD AND FERAL. WE HAVE THE GREATEST SACRIFICIAL ORGIES TOGETHER.
BUT YOU ARE VENUS, THE GODDESS OF LOVE. YOU HAVE YOUR GIRDLE OF ENCHANTMENT, AND YOUR SON CUPID WITH ALL HIS ARROWS. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN SHORT OF LOVE SLAVES.

I DON'T CARE! JUST GIVE ME BACK MY *PENIS!*
NEVER!
IT'S YOUR BEST FEATURE, LOVER BOY. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SO DRUNK AND LEFT IT AT THAT PARTY ON OLYMPUS.
NNNOOOO!!!
GIVE MY REGARDS TO PLUTO WHEN YOU REACH THE UNDERWORLD! HA HA HA HA HA!


AAH!
SO ARE YOU GONNA GIVE BACCHUS THE SHAFT OR WHAT?
IMPUDENT MORTAL! HOW DARE YOU TAKE ARMS AGAINST ME?!
YOU SEX GODDESSES MAKE ME SICK. I LIKE A GOOD ROMP AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GIRL, BUT I DON'T CASTRATE MY MEN AND HANG 'EM OUT TO DRY.
ARMS ARE NOT THE BODY PART I HAD IN MIND.

NOW THAT I HAVE *THIS*, YOUR POWER OVER THESE PEOPLE IS BROKEN.
NICE TRY, CHILD, BUT IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. I'M CONFIDENT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACTIVATE OR CONTROL THE ITEM. IT'S USELESS TO YOU.


SHE'S RIGHT. I'M TOTALLY CUT OFF FROM BACCHUS, AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO WORK THIS THING.

I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAVE THIS POWERFUL COCK, AND NO IDEA WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

WAIT-- WHAT WAS I THINKING?

I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO!

OH! OH! OH YES!
MMMM. YEAH YEAH!
STOP DOING THAT! STOP, I SAY!
NO! NO! DON'T STOP! DON'T STOP!

OOOOOOO, THAT FEELS GOOD.
HERE-- I BELIEVE THIS BELONGS TO YOU.
THANKS. WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU TOO?

MICHELLE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OKAY!
WHAT HAPPENED? THE LAST THING I REMEMBER WAS MEETING THE REVEREND SHELLER, AND THEN I WOKE UP NEXT TO SOME SMELLY GOAT GUY.
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT TOO MUCH, GIRLFRIEND. YOU'LL SLEEP BETTER.
LOOKS LIKE VENUS DISAPPEARED.
WE STILL HAVE TO FIND MRS. TILLMAN. SHE'S THE REASON WE'RE HERE, AFTER ALL.
I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN HER, BUT I'M NOT SURE I'D RECOGNIZE HER... LIKE THIS.
I GUESS THE NEXT STEP IS FOR BACCHUS TO END THIS LITTLE BACCHANALIA, AND RETURN THESE WOMEN THEIR WILLPOWER.
ABSOLUTELY. I PLAN TO DO EXACTLY THAT...
...FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING.
THE END

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY CHRISTIAN ZANIER
EMBER
CHAPTER 7 - BEAUTIFIED

EMBER'S NIGHT OUT TO UNWIND ENDED UP BEING FILLED WITH MORE HALLUCINATIONS. A BACKWARDS FALL WAS ALL THAT KEPT HER FROM ANOTHER UNCONTROLLED BURST OF POWER.
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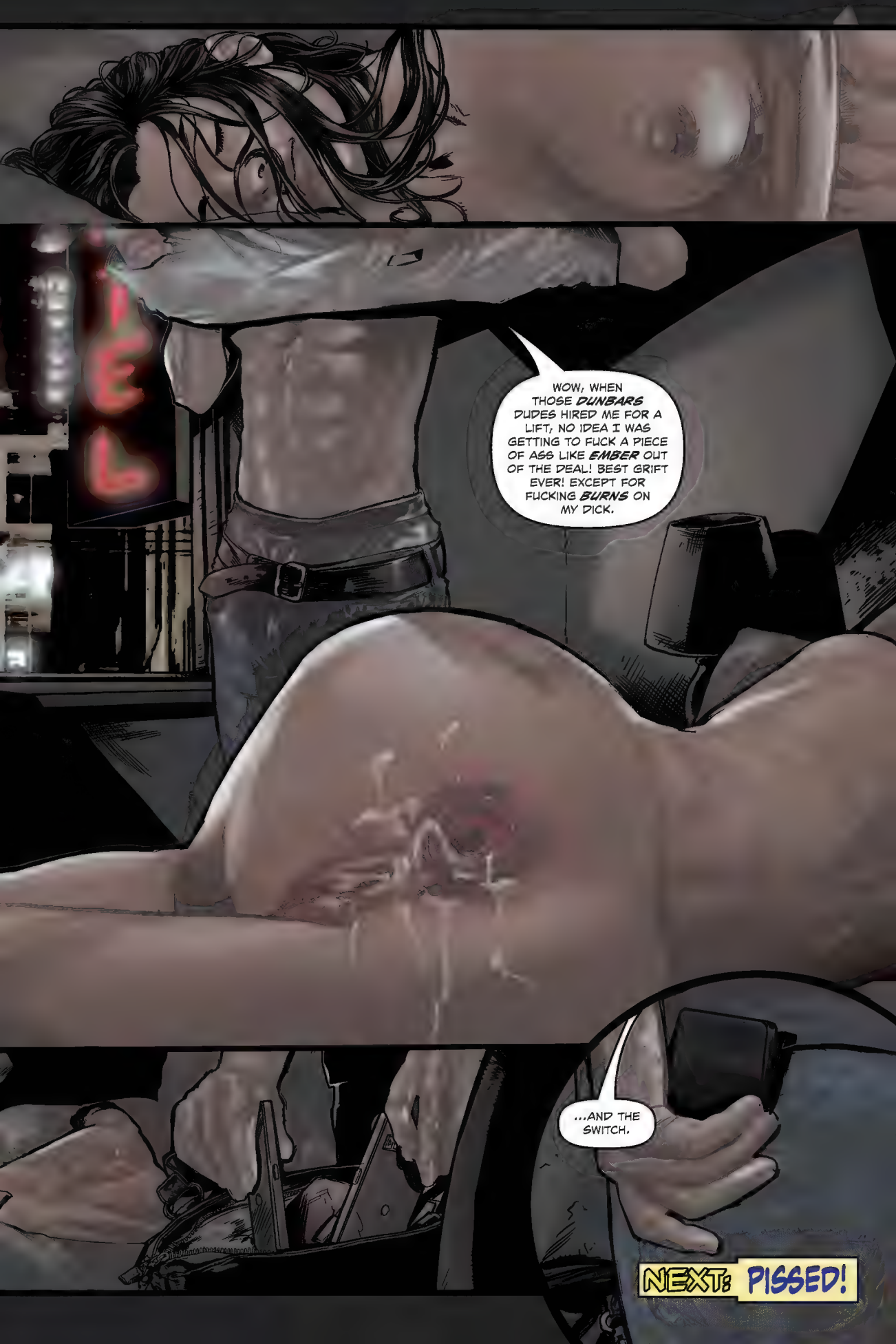
UNNHH, GODDAMN! SO *TIGHT* I'M GETTING FRICTION BURNS.

SHIT, GIRL, YOU ARE HOT AS FUCK!


WOW, WHEN THOSE DUNBARS DUDES HIRED ME FOR A LIFT, NO IDEA I WAS GETTING TO FUCK A PIECE OF ASS LIKE EMBER OUT OF THE DEAL! BEST GRIFT EVER! EXCEPT FOR FUCKING BURNS ON MY DICK.
...AND THE SWITCH.
NEXT: PISSED!

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